For Women Readers in Current Magazines

IF you want to keep your husband, Helen Bullitt Lowry tells how to do it in "The Evolution of a New Social Technique" in *Harper's Bazaar*. The race is between mature companionship and the baby stare, the cultured woman of [illegible] side, and the clever debutante [illegible] apper on the other. It is unwise to copy the dress or the technique of the flapper, and extremely wise to get your feet from under the bridge table, to study your own personality in the matter of dress. Miss Lowry is strong for eurythmic dancing, and cites Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, who, it is rumored, can stand on her head. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, it seems, is the superwoman of wisdom and technique. The worst mistake you can make is to keep your eye on your husband.

Nina Wilcox Putnam gives a humorous account of herself in "Why I Have Got So Far So Good" in the *American*. She started at the age of 11 with a story published in THE SUNDAY HERALD. Then nothing was heard from her until the age of 16, when she was "discovered" by Robert Rudd Whiting. She attributes her success to her lack of education—she never went to school and has read anything from "The Duchess" to the St. James's Bible. The point of the article is this: "Religion is what has brought me to where I am. And the religion I have in mind is allowing yourself to freely use the great Intelligence, which any dumbell has got to admit is the big force moving the world."

"The Thing Called Party Loyalty," by Elizabeth Frazer, in *Good Housekeeping*, shows the danger of this sort of loyalty. She refers to Col. Roosevelt as the greatest modern example, who broke away from the reactionary, stand pat organization, and who, in spite of his tremendous popularity, was unable to swing a sufficient number of liberal minds into line to support him. Men and women view politics in a different light. With men it is a game between two teams. The ancient brand of party politics is no more. Women never possessed the autocratic notion of organization loyalty, and it is useless for politicians of the old school to force it down their throats; it might prove dangerous. What is needed is not scrapping or abandoning the party forms already in existence, but reorganization from the inside to express the modern spirit. As time goes on and women's influence is felt, they will not "belong to a party," but the party will belong to them.

Gertrude Emerson, associate editor of *Asia*, writes of "Gandhi, Religious Politician." She had a chance to study this strange national hero through conversations with him and at meetings addressed by him. She pays tribute to the uneducated country women, who were especially friendly. Ghandi is pictured as a small, emaciated figure, wrapped in a nondescript shawl such as Lincoln used to wear, but the horses that draw his carriage are bedecked with necklaces and chains of flowers. He is not an impractical idealist, for he knows that the ignorant masses of India can be made to reflect in multiple images the well thought out ideas of the leaders. Tagore, who disagrees with Ghandi's views, stated to the writer that his integrity could not be questioned. Miss Emerson whote this lengthy article on shipboard on her return to this country, after nearly two years in the Orient.

"The Dancer of Shamakha," Armen Ohanian, continues her reminiscences in *Asia*, and this month tells of how the Cossack massacre broke up her new home in Baku and led to her marriage and escape to Persia. Baku had become Russian, and this Armenian girl, dressed in gray uniform, with black hair in braids, suffered humiliation in the Russian school. She was called an "Egyptian mummy," and her braids "tails of Arabian horses." It was here that the young dancer became interested in the political talk of her elders, and learned with terror the meaning of the word "pogrom." When the father lay dying he said to his daughter: "You must not judge the good Russians by the deeds of the Cossacks. The true Russians are generous and kind. The Cossacks are a mongrel Tartar people—barbarians from the steppes of Siberia." This series is done into English by Rose Wilder Lane.

The May installment of "Lillian Russell's "Reminiscences" in the *Cosmopolitan* touches upon her appearance in "The Queen of Brilliants" in London and in French operas brought out by Maurice Grau. Miss Russell considers "La Perichole" the most perfectly constructed story and libretto ever written in the history of comic opera. She confesses that when she first sang "The Star Spangled Banner" she had to have the words copied for her, and she tells how all theatrical people dread appearing in a college town. She also relates an experience in Newport society where she was engaged to sing professionally that rather disillusioned her.

Gene Stratton Porter continues in *McCall's* her series on "How to Make a Home," and confesses that she is a firm believer in the master of the house. She relates an incident where a Bishop of her acquaintance refused to leave out the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony. Children behave in public as they are allowed to behave at home, and if we are to be a power among nations we must get closer to the old standards of home life.

New Fiction

Continued from preceding page.

name), is suffering from war shock, and needs to be brought back, somehow, to self confidence. He is well physically, and he has had a brilliant career before the war, but now he feels that he must be under orders. So he contrives to "sell himself" to an aged millionaire, an interesting old man, who is described as looking a little like Pope Leo. Renshaw has a horror of self responsibility. "I've got to be a bondman," says he, "as dependent as a slave, doing as I'm told, and absolutely sure of a living."

Of course, the millionaire and his household are in trouble; else there wouldn't be a story. And that trouble has to be mysterious. It is, and there's plenty of story, but the plot of such a yarn calls for decent reticence on the part of a reviewer, especially when it is cleverly devised, as this is, and contains some novel elements. It may be permitted us, however, to betray the fact that there is a girl in it, surprising as that may be, and that the usual love motive is not absent. But the mystery is the thing. There are strange sounds, Renshaw is conscious of listeners, black hairy hands appear over the transom, daggers pop into his room, and there is the "blue circle" itself, but what that is the reader must find out for himself.

Particular note should be made of the incidental child; a real baby that trots in and out of the narrative most lovably and entertainingly. The atmosphere of the whole thing is delectably portentous, lightened with a touch of humor, now and then, in spite of its tragic background. It is the best thing of the kind that Miss Jordan has done.

GUINEA GIRL. By Norman Davey. George H. Doran Company.

YVONNE at first a lady of indifferent morals who frequented Monte Carlo's gaming tables. Then, on a borrowed hundred francs, she won half a million and broke the bank. Eager to take advantage of her wealth and acquire respectability, she harnessed an adventuring Briton and went to an exclusive resort as a Comtesse de Niverseine, and his wife. What befell them on the expedition is the content of Norman Davey's new novel, "Guinea Girl," which is a picture of life among the leisure classes in continental Europe. Mr. Davey's book is of uneven merit.

Yvonne's portrait is painted with a sure brush. One grasps this early in the story, but it is overwhelmingly established in the Casino scenes. There Mr. Davey is most at home. He has penetrated the subtleties of Monte Carlo atmosphere and of French character. Light enough in plot and scope, his book takes its strength from the "Guinea Girl" herself. For the "Guinea Girl" lives; she is of France, and of Monte Carlo. One wishes inevitably that Mr. Davey did not yield quite so easily to his penchant for descriptions and explanations; he is least happy in this field, and his indulgences dwarf the other numerous merits of his book. This apart, "Guinea Girl" is a piece of worth while entertainment.

IMMORTAL ATHALIA. By Harry F. Haley. Philadelphia: Dorrance.

THIS is a surprising book; surprisingly absurd. A good deal of it is written in a dialect all its own, but remotely related to English. A mouthful or two will do for illustration, thus: "Thinkest what ye will, but let not thy minds ramble," is a warning from the immortal goddess-ruler Athalia. "Doth see a sober man present?" asks another eccentricity. "So didst they come to Cuzco," remarks the goddess. The first time you meet these twistified didsts and doths and "ye haths" you suspect a misprint, but no, that's the way they talk, with heroic disregard for all the parts of speech.

The action of the story is as queer and disjointed and inconsequential as its diction. It is another case of the refusal of that confounded Inca city to stay lost—the familiar legend that has already instigated scores of novels of all sorts. This time the three adventurers get into it by way of a subterranean river, a favorite mode of breaking in. Once inside they find an immortal ruler, known as the "ccoya," and equipped with "dazzling and unnatural beauty." The usual complications follow. It is some comfort to note that a volcanic eruption buries the whole affair at the end, and that only one escapes to tell the story. It is good enough material for romantic extravaganza adventure, but very clumsily handled here.

A DAUGHTER OF THE BADLANDS. By Kate Boyles Bingham and Virgil D. Boyles. Boston: The Straford Company.

IT is surprising how many bad bumps there are in the course of true love in the West; so many in this case that it needed two authors to come anywhere near smoothing them out. The lady in the case rejoiced in the name of Bonibel, and she was half Indian. The trouble began at a coeducational college, an institution justly chargeable with much high keyed melodrama. It ends in a general, all 'round fight, in a hut besieged by a very bad Badlands gang—"a hell of round, shot after shot mingled with drunken war whoops" and other thrilling frills. The hero stops a bullet, but of course he's too tough to mind it much; rescuers arrive, the ancient mystery (of course there was a mystery) is duly cleared up and all is well. It is a crude, strained performance, but not without some raw life in it. It would make an excellent five reel show, or even a serial, for the screen.

The Mathematics Of a Book

AN old story was well retold, conforming to the latest conditions, by William Harley Briggs of the literary department of Harper Brothers in an address Wednesday evening before the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University. Mr. Briggs said, in part: "Perhaps the greatest mystery which confronts the new writer on the practical side of his work—is the astonishing fact that he gets only twenty cents out of a book that sells for $2. Who gets the rest, and why? It is natural for the new author to think that the publisher gets the other $1.80. The mathematics of a book are very simple and I may say they are very often tragic. A good example to use in getting at those figures is the popular novel. The novel has been selling at a retail price of $2, and is still selling at $2 in most cases. This retail price is the figure used by the dealer and publisher for the purpose of discounts—and it is on this full $2 retail price that the author's royalties are based.

"Dealers' discounts in the book trade average about 40 per cent. Forty per cent taken from $2 leaves us $1.20. Credits to dealers in the book business are for considerably longer periods than in almost all other lines—but for the moment we may put that aside and say that the publisher ultimately receives this $1.20 for each copy sold. From this amount we must deduct, in the case of a new author, a royalty of at least 10 per cent. of the full retail price—that is, twenty cents. This leaves $1.

"The first item to come out of this remaining dollar is the manufacturing cost of the book. In the case of this new author we will say that 3,000 copies are printed and 2,000 copies bound, and that all of them would be sold in the course of time. On this basis it would cost approximately forty-two cents a copy to manufacture the book—that is, forty-two cents for the materials and labor used in connection with this particular book. That leaves us fifty-eight cents. It is necessary now to provide for the overhead—that is, the cost of doing business, expenses of administration, rent, &c. In the book business this overhead is generally figured at 25 per cent of the price received, although some publishers have proved that their overhead is nearer 30 per cent. Therefore, we take 25 per cent of the $1.20 received from the dealer—that is, thirty cents—from the fifty-eight cents remaining after the cost of manufacture has been deducted.

"This leaves the publisher twenty-eight cents. He must now sell the book. Out of this twenty-eight cents he must meet the expenses of whatever advertising campaign he puts into our new author. Twenty cents a copy would mean that he had $600 available for advertising purposes—not a large sum for launching our new author. Twenty cents from twenty-eight cents leaves the publisher eight cents, after paying for only the initial $600 worth of advertising. Even this cannot be called profit, for out of the edition of 3,000 copies the publisher must give away several hundred books for review and to buyers and persons in the trade who must read the book in order to aid in its exploitation. These expenses, of course, the author is never asked to share. The actual return to the publisher if every copy available of the entire edition is sold—if every dealer pays his bills on time—if there has been no mad plunge on advertising—with every one of these conditions favorable—the publisher's profit on each copy is, therefore, something less than eight cents.

STANDARD SEAMANSHIP FOR THE MERCHANT SERVICE. By Felix Riesenberg. D. Van Nostrand Company.

TO any one who follows closely the literature of the sea, particularly in respect to technical works, it must have long been apparent that the modern shipping world needed a new and authoritative volume devoted to its special needs. This requisite has now appeared in Felix Riesenberg's valuable and important book whose title appears above, a work of reference in which steam leads sail instead of this relation being reversed as in the case with so many of the older works on seamanship.

Commander Riesenberg has spent several years in the preparation of his text and the result shows in its thoroughness and completeness. The opening chapter alone gives ample proof of the general nature of the text, for completeness, since it includes descriptions of every type of modern merchant steamer and sailing vessel now in use in that service. There are special chapters on the hulls of ships, steamer rigging and cargo gear, deck machinery, holds and their stowage, boats, navigation and pilotage, handling a steamer and a sailing vessel, safety on board ship and ship maintenance. Each of these chapters is illustrated by many photographs and drawings, there being over 600 of these in the volume.

To those brought up on the works on seamanship by Admirals Luce and Knight, the elder standard American works, this volume of Commander Riesenberg's will take them into a world marked by many new and strange names, new and strange devices. An example of this is to be found in the frontispiece, an illustration of a very modern type of cargo steamer with "pair masts" and all the other curious new forms of gear and rigging that go with an oil burning, geared turbine cargo boat. The most striking thing about this new work, to the type of nautical student just referred to, is he will realize that, at last, a real worthwhile work of information has been prepared for the merchant service of to-day.